

THE RED LIGHT.

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But it was Christmas eve, all the same, and Bertha Hooper's cheeks were as red as the bitter-sweet berries in the woods as she sat, all wrapped up, in the train that was steaming northward, on her way to spend Christmas with her Aunt Almira Higgins.

Christmas in the country! To Bertha, who had lived all her life in the brick walls and stone pavements of a city, the very words seemed to convey somewhat of cheer and joyousness. And Bertha, as she sat with her eyes closed, and her little gloved hands safely nestled into a gray squirrel muff, basking in her mind's eye great fires of legs roaring up wide-throated chimneys, walls festooned with hollyhock bough and black-green tufts of mistletoe, and she had just composed a poem on Christmas and its cherished associations when the rattling conductor came along for her ticket.

"How far are we from Mountcourt Station?" she inquired as she gave up the bit of paste-board.

"Next one, Miss," said the man, as he hurried on with his lantern under his arm. "Half an hour yet."

She had never been so far from New York in all her life before. The driving rain in which she had left her home had changed as they progressed northward into the steady fall of snow, which fluttered around them like a white waving shroud. But Bertha Hooper cared little for this. Had not Aunt Almira promised to send Zebedee, her youngest son, to the station with the pony to meet her on the arrival of the 9:40 train from New York? And she had a sense of triumph when she saw the little fellow, with his lantern with a red glass door to it, so she could identify him at once? She was very pretty, as she sat in her little black velvet top, with its clinging plume of cardinal red and the wine-red ribbon bow at her throat—pretty with the bloom of youth and the glow of excitement. She was dark, with large hazel eyes, almond-shaped, long-lashed, a clear rose bloom on either cheek, and wavy dark hair hanging in silken rings over her broad, low forehead.

"Mountcourt—station!" bawled the brakeman, putting in a snow-powdered fur cap, and withdrawing it again as quickly as if he had been a magnified edition of the Jack-in-the-box which children much rejoice at in holiday time. And Bertha Hooper knew that she had reached her destination. Still and cramped from the length of time in which she had been sitting in one position, she rose up, with a little self-clasped traveling bag in one hand and a dainty silk umbrella in the other, and made her way to the door.

All she could see when she stepped out upon the wet and slippery platform was a blur of driving snow, through which the lights of the solitary little country depot gleamed faintly; but the next instant something flashed athwart her vision like a friendly red eye, and beneath the reflector over the station door she saw a tall, fine-looking young man in a fur-trimmed overcoat, a velvet cap and a jaunty smile on his face, a crop of chestnut curls, and a red-lit lantern swinging from his left hand as he stood straining his eyes into the stormy darkness, as if to catch sight of some familiar face in the little crowd.

"Cousin Zebedee!" cried Bertha, aloud, and she made a spring into the arms of this blonde whiskered young giant. For had not she and Zebedee played dominoes and fox-and-goose together in the days when she wore blue ribbon sashes, and his hair was a closely-horned mat of curly red? "Oh! Cousin Zebedee, I'm so glad to see you; and I didn't any idea you had grown so handsome!"

And she gave him a great hug, at the same time holding up her rosy lips for a kiss.

But to her infinite amazement the hero of the seakiss cap seemed a little backward in responding to her cordial advances. "I beg your pardon," said he, slightly receding, "but I'm afraid there is some mistake. My name is not Zebedee, and the lady for whom I am looking is some years older than you."

Bertha Hooper started back, coloring and confused, and as she did so a fat, comfortable-looking old lady came trundling along the platform in an India shawl, and a box of Russian sable worth its weight in greenbacks.

"Charley!" she cried, "I thought I never should find you. Is the carriage here?"

"All here and waiting, Aunt Edie," responded the young man; but he still hesitated a second as Bertha Hooper stood, with averted face and motionless figure, in the shadow of the building.

"Can I be of any service to you?" he asked. "If you are expecting friends who failed to meet you—"

"Anybody here by the name of Bertha Hooper?" shouted a stentorian voice, and a tall, raw-looking lad with a lantern—also lighted with red glass—rushed shuffling around the corner.

Zebedee himself! Zebedee, red-haired and shagging and awkward, as he had been in the old fox and goose days.

"Oh!" said he, catching up his lantern so that the scarlet bird's wing flashed out like a spit of flame—scarcely more scarlet, alas, than Bertha's own face. "Here you be! I'm a little late, but the carriage is all right, and I couldn't start the pony out of a walk. Come on. How do you do? Be you very cold?"

"Zebedee," said Bertha, clinging almost hysterically to her cousin's arm, "whom that young gentleman with—the other lantern?"

"Ed!" said Zebedee. "That fellow with the old lady in a patchwork shawl?"

"Yes."

"It's Charley Harcourt, the 'Squire's son,' said Zebedee. "Just come from furrrin parts."

"Zebedee," said Bertha, with a curious little sound between a laugh and a sob, "put me into the cutter, quick, and drive me somewhere. I don't care where! Because—"

"Ed!" said Zebedee, staring hard at his cousin, as he backed the buffalo robe behind her betors touching on the jagged old pony.

"Because," said Bertha in a species of desperation, "I took Mr. Harcourt for you; and I hugged him, and I kissed him!"

"Is that all?" said philosophical Zebedee. "He won't care."

"No," said Bertha, "but I shall!"

"You ain't crying, be you?" said Zebedee, noting the quiver in his cousin's voice.

"How can I help it?" wailed poor Bertha. "I wasn't a fault of yours," said Zebedee, consolingly.

"Of course it wasn't," said Bertha, impatiently. "How was I to know that, every lantern at Mountcourt had a red glass door to it?"

And poor little Bertha cried herself to sleep that night.

The next morning—Christmas Day, all snowed up into glorious drifts every where—Mr. Harcourt drove over to the Higgins farmhouse. The young lady had dropped a fur glove on the platform, and Mr. Harcourt felt it his duty to restore it to her. And, moreover—here Mr. Charley Harcourt hesitated a little, hoped Miss Hooper would excuse him for being so stupid as to allow her to fancy him her cousin.

"I ought to have explained sooner," said he.

"No, you ought not," said Bertha. "The fault was all mine."

"I don't recognize a fault anywhere," said he. "And if I am pardoned—"

"Of course you are!" said Bertha, rosier, prettier than ever.

"In that case I am commissioned by my mother to ask your aunt's permission to take you over to help us finish dressing the church in time for morning service. My horse is waiting."

"May I go, Aunt Almira?" said Bertha, with sparkling eyes.

"Of course you may," said Aunt Almira. And so poor Zebedee was left out in the cold.

What was the end of it all? There is but one sequel to stories like this, when youth and bright eyes and human hearts are concerned. The next Christmas eve Bertha Hooper and Charley Harcourt were married. But Mr. Zebedee, assisting in the wedding, and Bertha did the first of the love-making. And Bertha only laughs.

Death of the "Far King of the World". (Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.)

Sir Curtis M. Lampton, "the far king of the world," died suddenly in London Friday. A cablegram to this effect was received yesterday by Mr. A. E. Burkhardt, of this city.

Sir Curtis was one of the few titled Americans, for, though knighted by the Queen of England, he was born and reared in Vermont. From an humble beginning as a trapper boy in his native State, he became enormously wealthy and famous the world over.

He was the President of Hudson Bay Company, a large shareholder and former President of the Alaska Fur Company; he was executor of the great Peabody estate, and his management is a matter of history; he was head of the London firm of C. M. Lampton & Co., and he was worth more than \$50,000,000.

Personally, he was a tall, large man, of noble presence, with a massive face, clean shaven, and a full suit of white hair. Although more than eighty years of age, he was as strong and vigorous, and attended personally to the business of his great establishment up to the day of his death. He was a regular attendant of the annual fur sales in London, and is said to have put in eight hours every day personally superintending the assortment of skins that were received from America at the rate of \$10,000,000 worth per annum.

When a boy in Vermont he began work trapping for skins which he sold to Jacob Astor. He went to London quite a young man and started in the fur business fifty-five years ago. He prospered and became rich.

He was elected President of the Hudson Bay Fur Company and the Alaska Fur Company, and finally was generally recognized as the "far king" of the world. He was the first capitalist in Great Britain to take stock in the Atlantic Cable Company. He was then in Parliament, where he was the champion of the cable. He did so much to aid the great enterprise that his services were recognized by being knighted by Queen Victoria.

The cable has not yet told of the cause of the death of this old gentleman's death, but he was at his desk but a few hours before he died.

The Rich Man and the Poor Man. (Boston Post.)

The political economist of a local contemporary undertook to show recently that it was capital and not labor that had most cause to feel the pressure of hard times just now, for while the poor man could buy more sugar for a dollar than the rich man could, the rich man had to pay as much for a rose as in the days of greatest prosperity and the prices of champagne and prime Havanas were as high as ever. As this reasoning did not appear in the column where fun and sarcasm reign supreme and exaggeration and absurdity are expected, we suppose it was intended as a serious discussion of the situation and its lessons. We do not suppose that the poor man complains of the price of sugar. The low price of labor and the weak demand for it are what have discouraged him. When a man's pockets are empty it makes very little difference to him whether sugar is seven or twelve cents a pound. He must do without in either case, and of course the same is true of flour and other prime necessities of existence. As the rich man does not sugar, than the poor one, even though he only draws 2 or 3 per cent on his money, he is in a way to keep himself comfortable and with reduced profits, can nevertheless enjoy a partial offest in the lower price of necessities. To argue for one class on the basis of indispensables and for the other on the basis of luxuries is to put the living habits of each in the place that belongs to their common humanity. When a rich man finds roses too expensive he can substitute pinks, and when his 4 per cent. make champagne a drain upon his resources he can get along with a little less of the "father of his country" did under similar circumstances and entertain his friends on rum and water. But the poor man can not get much below bread. There is not much elasticity in that basis, and the low price of sugar, flour and other necessities, when such exist, by promoting the healthful action of the bowels and kidneys, is absolutely necessary to be provided with a safeguard, and this is true, though a sojourn in such localities is destined to be brief. No one can afford to breathe malaria and suffer from the Bitter is a sovereign remedy for rheumatism, debility and nervousness. Keep it on hand.

Although the Jersey red hogs were not received very favorably for awhile, it is claimed that they grow to a larger size than the Poland Chinas, and give as good results as any other breed in proportion to cost of keep. They are also hardy and are suitable to cold climates.

Colic is one of the banes of childhood, but in our latter days we are not exempt from it. John Ripper, a carpenter employed at Thomas & Marks, Springfield, O., sends this certificate to add to a mass of testimonials received daily from every portion of the country: "I do hereby certify that Miahler's Herb Bitters entirely relieved me in a few minutes from a severe attack of cramp colic."

In the West the demand for heavy draft horses is increasing. At a recent sale of Percheron stallions the prices for several of them ranged from \$200 to \$500.

Minister Foster as a Lobbyist. (Philadelphia Times.)

John W. Foster, whom Secretary Frelinghuysen selected to negotiate the Spanish treaty, has not resigned, and regularly draws his pay while attending to his former business as a claim agent, and lobbyist in Washington. It is a disgraceful episode. Minister sent abroad to negotiate a treaty and coming home, still in office, to lobby for its ratification. Mr. Foster appears regularly at the President's diplomatic receptions.

What cause reflection is the question if the Shuckrat tribe has assisted the Madir of Pongola to kill the Handenowas through the persuasion of the Kamdowa Hamfat tribe, can the road to Plughat be opened through Mshabagarrah to the left? That is the question, and it is a perplexing one. By cable. —Petersburg Chronicle.

The pain and misery suffered by those who are afflicted with dyspepsia are indescribable. The distress of the body is equalled or surpassed by the confusion and tortures of the mind, thus making the victims suffer double affliction. The relief which is given by Hood's Sarsaparilla has caused thousands to be thankful for this great medicine. It dispels the causes of dyspepsia, and tones up the digestive organs. Try Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Things to be Swept Out. (Washington Special.)

There is an immense deal of turning out to be done by the new President whether he fills the vacant places or not. The departments at Washington are crowded to excess. Year after year superfluous clerks were added to the rolls. In the last Congress, when the Republicans were in control of both Houses, twelve hundred and ten clerks were added by the Legislative, Executive, and Judicial act. Of this number eight hundred and seventeen were assigned to the Pension Office, for many of whom no accommodation was provided. They stood in the way of business, and obstructed the settlement of the pension claims, for which they were ostensibly employed. When Mr. Dudley became Commissioner of Pensions, over 100 trained clerks were summarily dismissed for no other reason than to provide places for impetuous Republican partisans. And it is well known that clerks were constantly created to provide increased patronage for members of Congress and others in authority who paid for their political debts by billeting workers and strikers on the Treasury.

Perjurers, forgers, ballot-box stuffers, thieves, and other scoundrels who were employed to do the infamous work of the Great Fraud in Louisiana, South Carolina and Florida, and who were rewarded by John Sherman and Hayes with offices at Washington and elsewhere, may be seen idling about the departments and boastfully claiming protection under the civil service law. Disreputable women flaunt their sordid insolvency in the face of virtuous poverty and brag of their "influence" to be retained in the places they dishonor.

There are other abuses equally flagrant as is this excess of officeholders. Every one of the departments now indulges in this luxury, and in a much more objectionable form. It is no longer confined to the Secretaries. The heads of bureaus and even the chief clerks are provided with costly carriages, which are openly used by their families and their friends, and often to the scandal of the service.

The habit has been common for the Secretaries and the bureau chiefs to detail colored messengers and laborers as waiters in their households at all entertainments, and sometimes as regular servants throughout the year.

The Commissary Bureau of the army furnishes supplies to a favored set, not included in the law, at wholesale prices, which is an indirect mode of misapplying the appropriations.

If the new broom is to sweep clean, without fat or favor, it will have plenty of work to do for four years to come.

Lame Duck Teller. (Chicago Herald.)

Mr. Teller's defense of his extraordinary action relative to the Rockrose Railroad land grant is so effective that it has done what all his predecessors had done, and that the Congress of the United States has no business asking impertinent questions of Cabinet officers. Both of these assertions are open to criticism. In the first place the land-grabbing and land-wasting policy of previous administrations is now under condemnation, and objections to it having been raised, it is no excuse at all for him to plead that he was only following the example of others. It is that example which the people wish to be followed, and for it he has been found to be wasteful, corrupt and scandalous. In the second place, the efficient and honest Cabinet officer, who has no outside alliance and no private schemes of his own, will never object to inquiries from Congress as to his transactions in any particular. The idea that such calls for information on the part of the people are impertinent would be quite as refreshing if a bookkeeper or cashier should make the same observation when his employer asked for a trial balance or an explanation of certain apparent irregularities.

Mr. Teller was not a very satisfactory Secretary of the Interior. He does not promise to be a very satisfactory Senator.

The Rural World, of St. Louis, states that the peach crop in the Western States, at least for the coming season, appears to be doomed. Throughout Ohio and Indiana reports pronounce the crop killed, while in Illinois and Missouri it is generally conceded the crop is ruined.

Beset on All Sides. By malaria, how shall we escape the dread fever? is the question which the denizens of fever and ague districts ask themselves. The answer comes from former sufferers who for years have escaped the visitations of the periodic scourge through the protecting influence of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. When the necessity for using preventive measures arises, use this means of prevention at once. It regulates the liver, facilitates the action of the bowels, and is absolutely necessary to be provided with a safeguard, and this is true, though a sojourn in such localities is destined to be brief. No one can afford to breathe malaria and suffer from the Bitter is a sovereign remedy for rheumatism, debility and nervousness. Keep it on hand.

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THE INDIANAPOLIS DAILY SENTINEL

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